THE COUNTRY STAGE-DRIVER.

You cannot find a man to-day
More hearty in his word or way

Than he who drove, some years ago,
The village-rousing tallyho.

I mean the typic driver, who
The straight way to your good-will knew;

Who cracked his whip and cracked his joke,
And called by name the country folk;

Who told you more in one short ride,
If you and he sat side by side,

Than half a dozen men could tell,
Or you could e'er remember well;

Who knew each home his long route passed,
Its history, from first to last,

If it had ups and downs in life,
If shirked the man, or worked the wife;

Who taught a moral, told a tale,
Portrayed what turned a red cheek pale;

Was doctor, lawyer, prophet, too,
For he could say what all should do.

I miss him here among these hills
Whose circuit now his memory fills,

Where, pressed against his burly side,
I felt his strong pulse through the ride.

Big, honest fellow, with a grasp
That held your hand as in a clasp—

Recalling faces scarcely seen,
And keeping many a memory green—

Peace, peace to him! who, four-in-hand,
Did not his team alone command,

But, cheery voiced, as you may know,
Each genial heart on his tallyho.

—Ralph H. Shaw, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

The colonel smiled perfunctorily. He had heard the tale before. "I rather wonder he did not come down on us with an order for examination this time," he observed.

"Well, I reckon from what they got out of it before that he thought he'd do better to take somebody that had gone through the workings without an order from the court," suggested the superintendent, with a grin.

Col. Meredith thrummed absently on the table, his eyes fixed in frowning thought upon the floor. "It would simplify matters," he observed at length, evidently referring to some proposition that had been discussed before. "The mine has stopped work, you say."

"Yes; engine broke down," McCready's tone conveying a hint of subtle humor in the explanation.

"Well, if you can make it go—I don't know that we take any great chances," the colonel said, rising with distinct intimation that he considered the interview at an end. "But there is no object in carrying the joke too far. I would stop short of the dislocated shoulder this time if I were you. Come, Dorothy;" but he started with surprise as he looked at her, exclaiming with genuine concern: "But what is the matter, child?—are you sick?"

"I believe—I think I have a slight headache," she nervously returned, a wave of red suddenly dyeing her cheeks. "The heat"—she stopped to pass her hands in a bewildered way across her eyes—"it is stifling, is it not?"

"I hope you're not going to have mountain fever," her father impatiently ejaculated, seizing upon her hand to feel her pulse.

"I don't know but we've been givin' Miss Meredith suthin' of a scare with our talk," McCready mumbled, in a somewhat jocose tone of apology from the door. "Mebbe she thinks she's got in with some pretty tough citizens;" but nobody was giving heed to what he said.

"A little too fast," the colonel pronounced, releasing the wrist while he shut his watch with an impatient snap. "I dare say it is nothing; but you would better take some quinine and go to bed."

"Yes; I do not care for any supper. I will go back to my room," Dorothy murmured, hurriedly, carefully avoiding a glance at McCready as she passed him at the door.

"Take at least five grains of quinine," her father anxiously advised, looking after her. "And I will send you up some toast and tea."

Five grains of quinine! How far would that go toward sparing Harvey Neil a dislocated shoulder? How far toward saving her father from the disgrace of even tacit acquiescence in such villainous work? Dorothy laughed in hysterical amusement as she restlessly paced her room, a laugh which ended in something like a sob.

She had always been so proud of her father; proud of the instinctive refinement which spoke in the almost finical care of his person, in the temperateness, well-nigh austerity, of his living; of his fine appearance in the world of men; of his brilliant war record, when his title had been won by signal bravery in the field; of the unbroken series of business successes which had given him the power and prestige of money. However they might malign him, men treated him with a deference which he had always accepted as just tribute to his worth, looking up to him in that hero-worship which seems an innate impulse of the woman nature. That this admiration so boundlessly fostered was not all love she had hardly realized until now, when she seemed to feel herself shrinking back from him with a sort of horror. Words that in a moment of excitement her mother had uttered years ago came back to her now as she paced the floor. "I hope you have inherited your father's temperament — for your father has no heart," the unhappy wife had sobbed, bitterly regarding the child, who had been too young then fully to grasp the meaning of the words. "People who have no hearts are never hurt; they only hurt other people; and for them it is better so," she had gone on to say; and now for the first time Dorothy seemed to understand. It was true. He had no heart, no feeling; if he had, he could not have smiled in passive consent to such an iniquitous scheme as that McCready had unfolded that afternoon; he must have felt the shame of it. Thank Heaven, she had not inherited his temperament! It was to be a moral monstrosity, one of nature's most pitiable freaks.

She had worked herself into such a passion that she seemed hardly capable of coherent thought. Suddenly realizing that this would not do, she seated herself by the window, steadily gazing out at the flame fringed clouds rimming the western hills. She must be calm to think what was to be done, for action of some sort appeared to her inevitable. The idea of appealing to her father she impatiently abandoned as useless. Far rather would she get warning to Neil himself; but where was the messenger who would serve her purpose without danger of betrayal? Could she wait until her father had retired for the night and go herself? Two miles of lonely mountain climbing might have seemed a startling proposition at another time; but now, in her intense preoccupation, she had not a thought for her own safety, scarcely even for the conventionalities to be violated in such an enterprise. At first, though, it seemed the simplest, surest way; and she only faltered, thinking what she might say if brought face to face with Harvey Neil, how to express her warning without too darkly reflecting upon her father's connection with the matter, while there was the more troublous doubt as to what might be Neil's thought of her coming. It might imply—too much! And then, worse than all else, she might, after all, be too late. The night shift went on at 11 o'clock. Some other plan must be devised; but what could she do? Despairingly she wrung her hands as she looked up at the hills now growing dark in the shadow—"the hills whence cometh my help." The words came to her mind, as vagrant thoughts slip in, but half recognized, in moments of keen excitement; and she repeated them over with a vague sense of comfort, until gradually their meaning seemed luminous. Ah, there must be help! God could not mean that she was to sit helpless while that great wrong was being perpetrated. He would show her the way!

And a moment later her faith seemed strangely justified in a chance remark of the servant who brought her supper. "That Chinaman was up for your pa's wash this afternoon," the girl observed, pausing for brief enjoyment of the quid of chewing-gum in her mouth, as she leisurely disposed the tray upon a table. "But you was out, 'n' so I told him he must come again."

"Oh, yes; the Chinaman. Tell him to come right up, please," Dorothy exclaimed, ready to clap her hands for joy at this solution of the dilemma. Hop Sing might be trusted with a note; a carrier pigeon could not be more unswervingly direct in executing the trust, nor more silent about it afterward. She knew Hop Sing only by sight, but this was enough to assure her that he was the one for the mission.

In a moment a few words had been written, conveying the warning in simplest phrase, the note unsigned, but so expressed that she felt its sincerity could not be questioned; and then, hurriedly pinning on her hat and seizing her purse, she flew down the stairs. She could not wait for the girl's message to bring the man to her; she would go to the laundry herself.

Hop Sing, squirting water through his teeth upon a pile of rough-dried clothes heaped up on a table before him, looked up with the mechanical smile of his kind as the young lady appeared in the doorway. "You wan' washee? Flifty cent a dozen," he beamingly exclaimed, as she hesitated to explain her errand.

"I want to send a note—this note—to Mr. Neil at the Mascot mine," she breathlessly returned, showing the envelope. "You know Mr. Neil?"

Hop Sing looked faintly puzzled, but his smile was unchanging. "You wan' Misser Neil washee?" he jerkily ejaculated, mechanically going on with his work upon the clothes before him. "Where you tickey, eh?"

"No; oh no," she despairingly murmured, glancing back at the door. Somebody might be coming in at any moment. "It is this note for Mr. Neil. I want you to take it to him."

Hop Sing smiled rather more broadly, looking somewhat less like a graven image. "Misser Neil wan' washee? Where tickey, eh? Loss tickey, eh?" he chirped, with an air of having solved the problem, adding with a series of little nods, while his beady eyes brightened, "heap mans lose dam tickey. Too thin. No go. No have tickey, no get washee."

"O—h!" poor Dorothy wailed in utter hopelessness, turning to the door. But she would not give up; this was her only chance. She must make him understand. She turned with an inspiration drawing a silver dollar from her purse. Hop Sing looked interested. "It is for you—you shall have it—if you will carry this note to Mr. Neil at the Mascot mine," she said, speaking very slowly and impressively.

There could be no question that the dollar was almighty to the mind of Hop Sing. The sight of it was as a galvanic touch, sending him at a hurried shuffle to a back door. There was a brief cackling conference, at the end of which a smiling colleague appeared, his face creased in blandest smiles, his knowledge of English equal to the occasion. And when Dorothy returned to the hotel a moment later it was to see him trotting before her up the street, while she had the satisfying knowledge that her warning went safely hidden in his sleeve to be in Harvey Neil's hands within the hour.

"Thank heaven!" she murmured, drawing a long breath, as she stopped in the door to look after him. "Thank God for letting me do it!"

But after all her pains it was fated that Harvey Neil should not be forearmed with the friendly warning. He had not returned from Tomtown when the Chinaman appeared at the Mascot shaft-house, but that messenger considered his mission accomplished when the superintendent took the little note from his hand with a careless: "All right; I'll hand it to Mr. Neil."

Events, however, conspired to so delay Neil's coming that when he rode up the old trail that night it lacked but a few minutes of the hour when it had been arranged that Baker was to meet him at his cabin, and leaving his horse at the stable, he rode directly by the shaft-house, up the hill. It was his custom to take a look about the mine the last thing before he retired at night, and he saw no especial reason for stopping now.

He seated himself on the doorstep of the cabin, lighted his pipe while he impatiently speculated whether or not the man would come, and if he did, what answer he would bring. But he could not face the possibility of the fellow's failing him now; his testimony must be procured, cost what it would; for the visit to Tomtown that afternoon had revealed the fact that Brigham had that day disappeared; and now, unless this man, Baker, with his later knowledge of the mine, could be induced to come forward in his place, Neil felt that his case was almost lost. And failure now had come to mean a thousandfold more to him than mere loss of money; it would stand for complete vindication of her father in Dorothy Meredith's eyes, with resultant stigma upon Neil's course. He felt that his whole hold upon her respect, the whole success of his wooing, depended upon proving to her through this verdict of an unprejudiced jury how just had been his stand. He could not go to her and plead his case, condemning her father with every word; but he had eagerly counted upon reaching her with the truth through this trial. He must win.

He had not long to wait before a figure came slinking down the hill, dodging in zigzag course among the shadows of the trees.

"Well?" ejaculated Neil in tense inquiry, going a few steps to meet him.

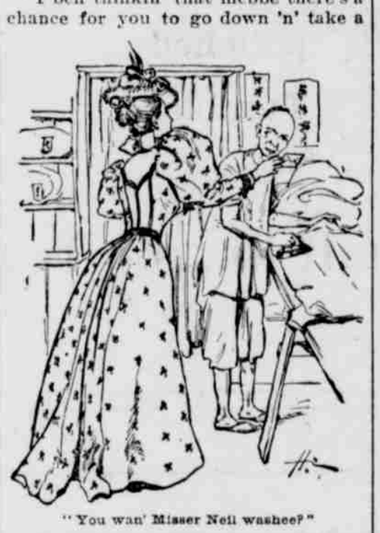
"Well, you know we broke down over there this afternoon," the fellow awkwardly began,

"Yes; I noticed the engine had stopped," Neil returned, impatiently. "But how about your testifying for us to-morrow?"

"I dunno's I kin earn a hundred dollars any easier—though, of course, I shall lose my job," he hesitantly drawled.

"But I told you that I would give you another," returned Neil, quickly, drawing a long breath of relief, counting that the bargain was made.

"I ben thinkin' that mebbe there's a chance for you to go down 'n' take a



"You wan' Misser Neil washee?"

look around yourself if you've a mind to," Baker irrelevantly rejoined. "You see, there's me 'n' Bob Loyson on watch to-night — we've got the first shift, 'n' there's nobody but us up there now. 'N' when it comes to testifyin'—well, I paced off the fust 'n' second levels just now — Bob keepin' watch above—'n' I kinder looked round 'n' sized things up; but think's I, I'll be hanged if I'd know what to say about it if anybody arst me after all. If only you'd go down yourself 'n' jest figger out what you want me to tell—"

"You're sure it's safe?" Neil exclaimed, knocking the ashes from his pipe with an air which said that already he had assented to the proposition. In truth, he was tingling with delight in this opportunity, which, in the face of Brigham's defection, appeared fairly providential. "How about this other fellow?"

"Well, I talked it over with him 'n' of course it means that he'll lose his job, too; but I told him I knew you'd make it right with him."

"Certainly; he shall have a place on the Mascot to-morrow if he wants it," Neil promised at once.

"But he'll need a little greasin' in advance," the other protested; "$50 cash, he said. 'N' I was thinkin' mebbe you'd give me a little suthin' extry, too, Mr. Neil, bein' I'll be takin' some chances. If we'd git ketched at it, I expect the boss 'ud smash our bloomin' heads for us."

"All right; I'll give you $50 apiece if you'll let me down in the mine and give me an hour to make examinations," Neil agreed eagerly.

"In advance?"

"In advance, if you say so."

"All right; better come right along then, for the coast is clear now," the fellow said; "somebody might come mosey'n' round later."

A sudden impulse of prudence caused Neil to pause. "I suppose I may take my six-shooter," he observed, tentatively.

"Oh, sure; load yourself up like an arsenal if you like," returned the fellow with a grin, which seemed to make Neil's momentary doubt ridiculous. Still he thought it wise to go inside and get the gun as well as a note-book before he followed Baker's lead up the hill.

Ten minutes later the bargain was completed, the money paid over and Neil was proceeding down the ladder-way of the Grubstake mine, the heavy trap door shut over his head.

"Well," exclaimed Baker's companion, eying the roll of bills in his hands as though he were hardly satisfied with the wage after all. "I'd hate to be here when he comes up—whenever that is."

"If he's down very long, you needn't worry," returned the other coolly. "If they don't get the pumps goin' within 24 hours, he won't have nothin' to say when he comes up."

"Why, good Lord!—they wouldn't dast to go that fur, would they?" gasped the slower-witted colleague, looking frightened.

"McCready'd go to hell to get even with Harvey Neil," returned Baker, emphatically. "But we ain't got nothin' to do with it. We've done our work 'n' we've got well paid for it, with more comin'. The boss'll look after the rest—you bet."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TURKISH BANNER.

Romantic History of the Treasured Standard of the Moslems.

One of the treasures of the Muslim world is the green banner of the caliph, which has a curious and romantic history. At a place called Josef, in the month of May, 632 A. D., more than 1,250 years ago, Mohammed, the Arabian prophet, lay sick, and said to Osame, a youthful son of one of his late lieutenants: "Lead thou the army unto the place where thy father was killed and destroy it utterly. Lo! I make thee commander of the army." Recovering on the Thursday following, Mohammed attended to his devotions, then with his own hands bound upon a flagstaff "A Banner for the Army," and consecrated it to the cause of Allah before all his people, saying: "Fight ye beneath this banner, in the name of the Lord, and for His cause. Thus shall ye discomfort and slay the people that disbelieveth in the Lord."

All Muslims—a term given to the followers of the prophet, and used in the same way as the word Christian—irrespective of sect, are aware that the safe keeping of the green banner of Islam, consecrated by the prophet himself for the people of the prophet in all lands and throughout all time, has passed from caliph to caliph. The name caliph denotes a title of honor to be borne by the successors of the Sheik ul Islam, that is, the head of Muslims. The title caliph is borne by him whom the Mohammedan world, irrespective of race, recognizes as king of kings; his subjects may reside in British India, on French soil in Africa, or be spread over the vastness of Asia—while the green banner lies unfurled in the Yildiz Kiosk, the sultan's church or mosque, the world's peace is secured. The powers of Europe know it, and therein dwells the secure position of Turkey.—Public Opinion.

A Good System.

The young postmaster of a village was hard at work in his office when a gentle tap was heard upon the door and in stepped a blushing maiden of 16, with a money order which she wished cashed. She handed it, with a bashful smile, to the official, who, after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you 10s. and a dozen kisses."

Glancing at the bashful girl he said: "Now, I have paid you the money and I suppose you want the kisses?"

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid and in a scientific manner.

On reaching home the delighted maiden remarked to her mother:

"Mother, this post office system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me 20. It beats the special delivery system all hollow."—Tit-Bits.

Making Sure of the Collection.

A troupe of wandering musicians were playing before a Swiss hotel. At the end of the performance one of the members left the group, approached the leader of the band, and pulled out a little paper box, which he emptied into his left hand, while the eyes of the leader followed every movement. He then took a plate in his right hand, passed it round, and a large sum was collected, everyone meanwhile wondering what he held in his left hand. "Why, it's very simple," said the leader, when questioned. "We are all subject to temptation, and, to be sure of the fidelity of our collector, he has to hold five flies in his left hand, and we count these first when he returns to make sure of the money."—Tit-Bits.

An Ancient Egyptian Custom.

The ancient Egyptians, at their grand festivals and parties of pleasure, always had a coffin placed on the table at meals, containing a mummy or a skeleton of painted wood, which was presented to each guest with this admonition: "Look upon this and enjoy yourself; for such will you become when divested of your mortal garb."—Albany Argus.

Evasive.

Policeman (to suspicious-looking character)—Have you been passing any bad money?

Suspicious-Looking Character—Dun no, guv'nor. Have you bin droppin any?—London Fun.

—A pair of rubbers and a pouting spell last a woman about the same length of time.—Atchison Globe.

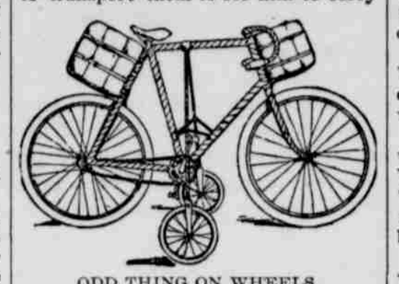
FOR CARRYING FREIGHT.

Bicycle Designed for the Klondyke Gold Field Trade.

One of the most novel of the many schemes to obtain a share of the wealth of the Klondyke region has been developed by a syndicate of four wealthy New York business men, who are planning to establish trading posts and stores in the mining camps and also to purchase all promising claims on the market. They will transport their men and supplies to the gold fields on a bicycle specially designed for the purpose.

The Klondyke bicycle will be used to transport the supplies over the 700 miles between Juneau and the gold fields by the Chilkoot pass trail.

Every miner who goes to the gold fields must take with him about 1,000 pounds of supplies, and the only way to transport them is for him to carry



ODD THING ON WHEELS.
(Designed for Klondyke Bicycle Freight Line.)

them on his back. The most that a man can carry for any distance is 200 pounds. The method now in vogue is to carry one load about five miles, hide it so that it will not be destroyed by animals, and then go back for another load. In this tedious way the goods are finally transported to their destination.

The Klondyke bicycle is specially designed to carry freight, and is in reality a four-wheeled vehicle and bicycle combined. It is built very strongly and weighs about 50 pounds. The tires are of solid rubber 1½ inches in diameter. The frame is the ordinary diamond, of steel tubing, built, however, more for strength than appearance, and wound with rawhide, shrunk on, to enable the miners to handle it with comfort in low temperatures. From each side of the top bar two arms of steel project, each arm carrying a smaller wheel, about 14 inches in diameter, which, when not in use, can be folded up inside the diamond frame.

Devices for packing large quantities of material are attached to the handlebars and rear forks, and the machine, it is estimated, will carry 500 pounds.

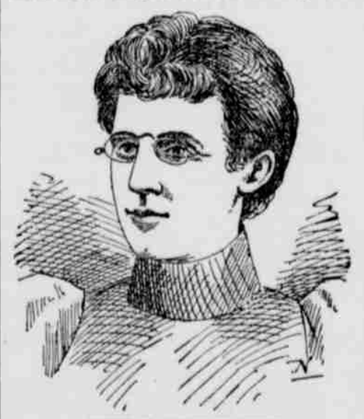
The plan is to load it with half the miner's equipment, drag it on four wheels ten miles or so. Then the rider will fold up the side wheels, ride it back as a bicycle, and bring on the rest of the load.

Another device for arctic comfort, which the syndicate will control, is a portable house of thin boards and felt, which can be folded up in small compass, and which, when erected, will be perfectly airtight.

MISS FANNY HAYES.

Daughter of the Late Ex-President Soon to Be a Bride.

Miss Fanny Hayes, the only daughter of the late ex-President Hayes, soon to be married to Ensign Smith, is a sister of seven brothers. She was born on Walnut Hills, in Cincinnati, just before her father was elected governor of Ohio for his first term. Miss Hayes saw little of private family life until her father retired from the white house. His three terms as governor of Ohio were directly followed by his election to the presidency. In 1877, when Mr. and Mrs. Hayes celebrated their silver wedding in the executive mansion at Washington, Fanny was baptised by Rev. L. B. McCabe, who had married her parents. After Mr. Hayes returned to private



MISS FANNY HAYES.
(Soon to Be Married to Ensign Smith, of the Navy.)

life she was educated at a little school in Cleveland, O., and later at a private school in Farmington, Ky. In this school at the same time were the daughters of two other presidents, Mollie Garfield and Nellie Arthur. When the ex-president died Miss Hayes went abroad. She visited Italy and spent a winter in Paris. The succeeding winters were spent in Bermuda and New York. Every summer she returns to Ohio.

To Remove Powder Grains.

When the face has become disfigured by powder grains becoming imbedded, those situated superficially will be thrown off with the epithelium. Poulticing and blistering may be tried to favor this. The deeper particles may be removed by a fine-pointed galvano-cautery. The earlier it is applied the less the tissue to be destroyed, for as time goes on the stain becomes diffused. In old cases, where the whole skin of the part is involved, this method should not be tried. An anesthetic may be required in some instances, as repeated applications are often necessary. The tip of the cautery at white heat is quickly introduced and withdrawn. For grains imbedded in the cornea the operation is precisely that of cauterizing for ulcer.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for August 15, 1897—Abstaining for the Sake of Others—I Corinthians 8-1-13.

[Arranged from Peloubet's Notes.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—For none of us liveth to himself.—Rom. 14:7.

THE SECTION includes the story of the founding of the Corinthian church (Acts 18:1-17) and the first ten chapters of 1 Corinthians.

TIME.—This Epistle was written in April, A. D. 57, toward the close of Paul's three years at Ephesus.

A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

I. Some Practical Questions That Perplexed the Corinthian Church.—V. 1. "Things offered unto idols:" Were those portions of the animals offered in sacrifice which were not laid on the altar, and which belonged partly to the priests, partly to those who had offered them. These remnants were sometimes eaten at feasts holden in the temples (see V. 10), or in private houses (Chap. 10:27 f.), sometimes sold in the markets, by the priests, or by the poor, or by the niggardly.

The question, therefore, was: Whether it was right for the disciples of Christ to partake of food so connected with idolatry.

II. Such Questions Cannot Be Settled by Mere Knowledge and Rights.—Vs. 1-7. 1. "We all have knowledge:" The difficulty does not lie in our ignorance of the facts about idols referred to below.

Now begins a kind of parenthesis, which continues through verse 3. "Knowledge puffeth up:" Greek, inflates, fills with wind, as a bubble. A conceited person is one whose nature is so inflated with self-opinion that he appears to himself vastly greater than he really is.

"But charity edifieth:" "Love buildeth up," builds up the soul into God's spiritual temple. It enlarges its nature, its powers, its character.

2. "And if any man think that he knoweth anything:" Thinks that without love he really knows anything in its completeness, in its relations, without which there is no true knowledge. "He knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know:" He has mistaken a part for the whole.

3. "But if any man love God:" The first and deepest love, and therefore the love which must extend to man. He has the principle of love in his heart.

4. "As concerning therefore:" Having laid down the principle, he returns to his subject to apply the principle. "We know that an idol is nothing in the world:" The image is nothing but wood, or brass, or stone.

7. "Howbeit:" We are not alone and we cannot act as if alone, for "there is not in every man that knowledge," about meat offered to idols. Many were very ignorant, having just escaped from idolatry. And this fact must affect our conduct.

III. The Question Settled by Love, Aided by Knowledge and Liberty—Vs. 7-13. "For some with conscience of the idol:" Recognizing the idol as a reality and feeling while eating that it is partaking in its worship. "And their conscience being weak:" A weak conscience is opposed to a strong, which very strength consisted in the tenderness or quickness of discerning a perceptive power. A weak conscience is, therefore (1), one which either regards as wrong what is not in fact so; or (2) one which is not clear and decided in its judgments (Hodge); or (3) one which has not power enough to restrain a person from doing the wrong it condemns. "Is defiled:" By yielding to what it regards as wrong.

9. "Take heed:" For what is right to you may do a wrong to another. "Become a stumbling block," over which the weak fall into sin.

10. "For if any man," who may feel that the act is wrong, "see thee * * * sit at meat in the idol's temple," at some social feast or festival, although you do not regard it as favoring idolatry or its sinful accompaniments, and can do it safely, or think you can. Seeing this, the man who regards it as wrong may be tempted to go against his conscience. "Weak be emboldened:" Built up; the same Greek word is used in "charity edifieth," Verse 1, the weak are built up in evil, as charity builds up in good.

11. "Shall the weak brother perish:" The R. V. has the right pointing. This is not a question, but a statement of fact. He who sins against his conscience is in the swift road to destruction. "For whom Christ died:" There is a great power and pathos in these words. Shall we, for the sake of eating one kind of meat rather than another, endanger the salvation of those for whom the eternal Son of God laid down His life?

13. "Wherefore, if meat (old English for food in general) make my brother to offend:" Cause him to stumble and fall into sin. Christ declares that we had better have a millstone tied to our neck and we be sunk into the sea than to offend the least of His disciples (Matt 18:6). "I will eat no flesh:" In order to insure my avoiding flesh offered to idols I would abstain from all kinds of flesh in order not to be a stumbling block to my brother.

The principle laid down by Paul is one of the two great foundation stones of the temperance reform. We will not drink wine or strong drink, even though we believe them to be harmless to ourselves (which they are not), because of our neighbor. As Mr. Gough says, the Bible surely permits us to abstain from wine, and we should do it, if by our indulging our weak neighbor perish, and do it at any personal sacrifice.

State Papers Mutilated.

In the files of the house no signatures of Webster, Clay or Lincoln remain. While there should be hundreds of letters from these distinguished men in evidence, all have disappeared, and there is no trace of their whereabouts. President Lincoln in the course of his official career in Washington sent hundreds of original documents bearing his signature to both house and senate, but on all these original papers filed in the house the signatures have been cut off. There are other important documents in the house files which have been similarly mutilated.—Cincinnati Enquirer.